

# It Might As Well Be Spring

George Shearing

I'm as restless as a willow in a windstorm  
I'm as jumpy as a puppet on a string  
I'd say that I had spring fever  
But I know it isn't spring I am starry-eyed and vaguely discontented  
Like a nightingale without a song to sing  
Oh, why should I have Spring fever  
When it isn't even spring? I keep wishing I were somewhere else  
Walking down a strange new street  
Hearing words that I have never heard  
From a girl I've yet to meet I'm as busy as a spider spinning daydreams  
I'm as giddy as a baby on a swing  
I haven't seen a crocus or a rosebud or a robin on the wing  
But I feel so gay in a melancholy way  
That it might as well be spring

Songwriters

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